

hampshire's free speech  
print forum





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## omen

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J Wilder Konschak	Invented the New layout
Jess VanScoy	What New Layout?
Michael Zole	Plays Layout 64
Keely Flynn	Puts the LAY in Layout
Gwynne Watkins	Did You Say Nude Layout
Gabriel McKee	Vertical Page Numbers!
Christine Fernsebner Eslao	Pagemaker Can Bite Me
Karl Moore	Smoked the Layout
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Zak Kauffman	Likes Forward Layout

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Cover by J Wilder Konschak

## to submit

Submissions are due **Thursdays before midnight**. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Benni Pierce: Greenwich 22A, Box 916, x2419. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to [mpierce@hampshire.edu](mailto:mpierce@hampshire.edu). Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.



I think it's a brilliant foot!

quote attributed to  
J Wilder Konschak

## FROM THE EDITOR

How much wood could a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood? Beaver. It has been two years now since I matriculated and became part of the Hampshire College Community. That means that it has also been two years since I first laid my eyes on the *Omen*. I believe the cover design had three men and a woman (with a piece of straw in her mouth) standing next to each other. The words, "These are not our sheep" lay beneath them in literary glory. By themselves, this picture and this text didn't really mean that much. However, when placed together, these two made a satirical statement about Hampshire that caught my interest immediately.

"A magazine," I thought, "that makes fun of the very institution that funds it?" How absurd. However, the *Omen* did just that. At least, that's what I thought at first. Delving into the history of the *Omen* two years ago revealed a very strange and bizarre tapestry of writing, critiquing, controversy, and madness. Working with then editor-in-chief, Michelle Beach, I found myself joining the staff at a time of turmoil and friction, a time just after the reign of one Jordan Strauss.

At first, they made fun of me. A lot. I was an outsider trying to break into their little clique. I remember one early meeting when we were trying to come up with cover ideas, and Mark Hugo suggested something "dumb," and proceeded to get beat in the head multiple times with a folding chair by Jacob Chabot. The meeting then broke down into random chair shots, and a cover was never decided upon. Just to note: Jacob became editor-in-chief after Michelle.

However, I was soon able to worm my way into the *Omen*'s heart. I learned of its long 8 year history, its early controversy with first editor-in-chief and creator Stephanie Cole, the wide range of sexist and racist jokes under Jordan Strauss, the *Omen* revolution that overthrew Jordan, the puppet dictator, and the soon inception of Michelle afterward. Then, af-

ter Jacob took over as editor-in-chief last year, a new chapter in *Omen* history opened its wide, fire-breathing mouth. Controversy! Backlash! Community Norms! Sexist! Racist! A slew of dirty words and phrases! The *Omen* had not only offended, but had been censored as well.

Looking back over the past two years, I realize that we've been through a lot. It's been a crazy helljoy bike ride, and thinking about it now, I realize that maybe it shouldn't go on any further. I'm tired. Section Hate after Section Hate. Stupid *Omen* pullquote after pullquote. What the fuck is the *Omen* really about? I read it and I laugh, and I say, "Damn." I really do. But what does it truly stand for? What is the meaning of it all?

Damn. Introducing the Black Sheep, the *Omen*. When something gets boring, when something gets tiring, when something gets in your way: change it. Change it. Change it? Sure, why not? We'll add a black sheep, some new graphics, and DAMN, new *Omen*. It seemed like a lot of work, it seemed like we were forgetting our roots, but in essence, we're just making it ours. The old regime of the puppet dictator and subsequent *Omen* revolution is gone. We're the new Children of the Grass, the new Black Sheep, and *Omen* remains our name.

I will continue to ride the bike for another couple years, and hide behind my pretty black sheep (created by wild fire himself Wilder Konschak). Free Speech will still run rampant, issues of identity, sexuality, and community will still be examined, interrogated, and misquoted, and "Section Hate" is still alive and kicking. And if you think the *Omen* may have changed, think about it this way: just like the black sheep, we may have changed our colors but we're still the same old sheep you've always relied on at the Saga lunch table (unless you're a vegan).

## policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's bi-weekly Free Speech Magazine, established by Stephanie A. Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, hate rants, short fiction, satire, first-bombs, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation. Writing that falls under this category is just not an option in this forum.

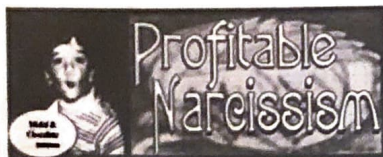
The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except in cases of spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing

to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that whatever you give us to publish you must stand behind. Views of contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the *Omen* staff writers.

Every Tuesday following the release of an issue there's an *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue, staff policy, and the location of that week's orgy.

The *Omen* is here to serve you. What better way to be heard than to have what you have to say printed 700 times and distributed over the entire campus ... and beyond?





## HIDDEN COSTS OF LIVING IN HELL

The cost of a Hampshire education is comprehensive, but at times one feels that there are certain expenses not clarified in "Meeting the Cost of Your Hampshire Education- A Play by Play." I am not talking about, however, certain random shafts such as charging for Room & Board ... and then Room again. Our meal plan is not such that it warrants a doubling of costs- although the mushroom and cheese pizza is very, very good.

Nor do I point out the fact that a good majority of the mods come equipped, or rather non-equipped, with FURNITURE. But those are trivialities.

Laundry costs shall be briefly touched upon, as it tallies more than the gross national product of Guam, but really that surprises no one. Those of you that have a semi-decent regiment of personal hygiene- excluding, of course, those who live in specifically designated areas of campus for such things: you know whereof I speak- generally wash and dry your laundry an average of once every 1.5 weeks, at two bucks a pop. There are thirteen weeks in a semester, give or take a couple, multiplied by two semesters for a full year. Multiply that total by four years- again, give or take a few years, depending on whether one enrolls in the Hampshire Doctorate Plan or the "Fly-By, Trial-Basis, College Thing." As I am no math major, I shan't embarrass myself nor my school of study by attempting a grand total. But it's a lot.

For that matter, it wouldn't even make sense to try to itemize (or ra-

tionalize) the cost of books, notebooks, pens, papers, photocopying, stapling, sorting, collating and the like. Quit your whining, you get a full two to three dollar refund on EVERY BOOK. And what, you might ask, is the good of a couple of bucks at the end of semester? Read on.

The \$2 All-You-Can-Drink-Open-Bar-Party: What a steal! You mean I fork over a couple of dollars and can imbibe until my liver cries out for mercy? No. Roughly half a minute after your singles touch down upon the Formica counter, every bottle within a ten-mile radius of where you are standing with a smiley-face on the back of your hand is now utterly empty. The only thing left to drink is lukewarm tap water, but by now it's looking pretty damned good. Meanwhile, everyone around you is flying the friendly skies while you are fully cognizant of your name, social security number, and what color your braces were the month you received your first kiss.

Now for the important purchase: The Random Piercing. At some point in your Hampshire "career" you will feel the uncontrollable urge for an extraneous stud of metal- or silver, copper, twine, twigs, whatever: we don't judge here- in a usually non-blatant area of one's physical being.

THE NON-SMOKERS AND  
CAFFEINE DRINKERS END  
UP HAVING THE BLACKEST  
LUNGS AND HIGHEST  
PULSE RATES BY OCTOBER  
BREAK. MARK MY  
GODDAMN WORDS.

Like the bridge of one's nose. Mind you, the piercing itself costs anywhere from five to thirty dollars, depending on one's style, budget, or level of coherency at the time. The ACT of the piercing however, is the doozy.

Come fully prepared to fork over roughly fifty dollars to sit in a cooler-than-thou darkened room to let a bandanna-clad disdainful and bored man poke a sharp object into a part

of your body that will hurt like hell for months to come. And the lines for such an experience! The crowds throng! It's obscene.

Needless to say, your three daily well-balanced meals will not suffice past 8:30pm. You will need food. Wicked expensive food that shouldn't, by any scope of the imagination, cost that much. But you'll need to tip, right? And that cute kid on your hall will look SO hungry and be SO out of money. Then your hall/mod will decide to go in on this shindig together, end up pooling entirely too much money, all of which will go to the stoned delivery guy- who will not be carrying anything less than a fifty on him, for that matter- and, if you happen to be under a lucky rising star that day, you'll even get to see some of the food. Mm mm good.

Coffee and nicotine also chomp away at one's budget, if you even have one left by this point. (Keep in mind, this is by week two of the Hampshire experience.) "I don't even drink coffee ... I hate cigarettes," you scoff. I laugh at you. The non-smokers and caffeine drinkers end up having the blackest lungs and highest pulse rates by October break. Mark my goddamn words.

Also, you will feel this aching need to plaster your walls with "artsy," "deep" things. You will spend a lot of money on these items, and be thoroughly offended when visitors do not stand, mesmerized for hours by the fantastic gallery that is now your room.

Christmas lights. People cannot get enough of these stupid strings that burn out within a month, refuse to be fixed, eventually drape inartistically to the floor, and are a fire hazard anyhow.

And for the biggest travel expense of them all: Health Services. Sure, sure, you have COVERAGE, it's part of the PACKAGE. Why, then, do you

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By Benjamin "T.M." Tevelov

## CHEERS!

The issue in which this article appears will not be the *Omen* that I know and love. No finely detailed caricature of Jacob Chabot's will grace the cover. No indecisive article stuck between movie review and social commentary with Wade Stuckwisch's byline will appear inside. No advice from our own Evil Twin (well... not the same Evil Twin in any case) will guide the actions of our befuddled student body. No, this publication will be something new. Something unexpected. Something... dare I say it?... different.

Yes my fellow knowledge seekers, changes do occur. For the past two years the voice of the *Omen* has been fairly consistent. Although the staff did change slightly from semester to semester, the overall tone our biweekly "news" rag was something to be counted on. A rock in the stormy sea of our education. The editor may have changed from time to time, other voices chirped in now and then, but always there was a core of students (their names now echoing fondly in

our memories, or forever marked into benches. Both in some cases) who could be counted on to deliver, in their own particular idiom, their views on this institute we all know and tolerate. For me, this core of pundits WAS the *Omen*.

But now it is time for a new voice. The *Omen* has been left in the capable hands of students hand-picked for their editorial talents, their flawless grammar and their scathing wit. Not to mention their foolish agreement to take responsibility for the publication and distribution of a magazine on top of their already busy academic schedules. These newcomers are now the genius behind the 12 to 36 (depending on how outraged students are over the latest campus drama) page mag we like to call the *Omen*. But they cannot do it alone! Oh no!

They rely upon us - US comrades - to fill their mailboxes with tasty tidbits and bitter rants. Without our support they cannot fill the large and odiferous shoes left for them by their brilliant predecessors.

And just as they were chosen by the previous generation of *Omenites*, so too will they someday vacate, opening the way for some new voice, some new band of disgruntled and disillusioned Hampshireites to lead the way for the only reliable publication around. Contribute my friends! Take advantage of the *Omen's* policy of printing everything it receives, regardless of how tasteless, disturbing or offensive it may be. For someday, you too may be a staff writer (it really doesn't take much). Who knows? You may even someday be a part of that core of students whose chosen form of avoiding paper writing is to write for a paper.

In any case, I personally am counting on you to amuse me, rile me, and make me think. I have my doubts, I will admit, but mostly I have hope. And so I ask you all, wherever you are right now, to join me in raising my glass - to the *Omen* of the past, the *Omen* of the present, and the *Omen* that someday will be. Cheers!



By Steve Gifford

## RANDOM ADVICE

**C**hoosing Your Pimp Slap- Choosing your Pimp Slap can be very difficult at times, and could cost you either a perfectly good hoe or a chip off your pimp ring (if you hit her in the wrong place). That's why you have to be very careful in choosing the appropriate Pimp swing. There are three main hand motions: 1) the behind the head release, 2) the pseudo gun-drawing release, and 3) the I hate you I hate you little smack across the face girly release. The third motion is mainly for amateur pimps who don't really know what the fuck they're doing and end up turning hoe anyway. As for the other two, deciding which to choose in a slutty situation can be such a bitch (excuse the pun). What

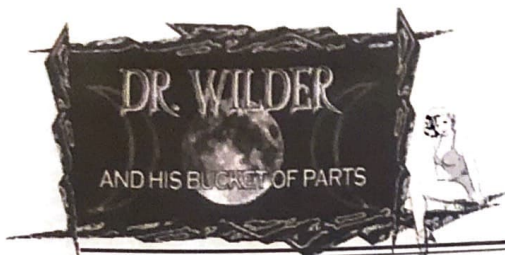
I would suggest would be to take a moment to calm yourself down. Really internalize, get in touch with the inner pimp. Say to yourself, "hi, how are you feeling?" and then reach back like the pimp that you are and slap the hoe...just let it all go...really let the hand fly...let it swing back into whichever natural pimplish position it may go...and then just let it happen...

**Peeing-** When you feel the I JUST HAVE TO GO urge sensation that almost lifts you up off your seat and thrusts you towards the bathroom...you have to think to yourself...what gender am I? Am I a guy, or a girl? You see, guys and girls pee differently, and have peed dif-

ferently from the beginning of time...or the beginning of guys and girls. If you are traveling in a trailer or RV, for instance, equipped with a mobile bathroom (or a bathroom accessible while in motion) and are thinking about whether or not to attempt to do your business, you must make your decision relative to the appropriate gender. See, the RV was not built for mobile male urination, as several completely unnecessary and disgusting tests have shown, and to do so would prove to be a most unfortunate choice. As we all know, RVs tend to shift weight and displace the point of force, therefore, when males try to do their business, while they may get all the juice out of the orange, there is a

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## THOSE SQUIGGLES I MAKE

One of the folks that lives upstairs, up in that hall with the bathroom, up there somewhere between B and D, you know the place; one of those folks up there, she has a buddylist that's 70 names long. Seventy people. Meanwhile, down here, my buddylist, containing every human soul I know, is 33 pseudonyms long, with several screennames attached to the same human soul. There's probably 26 real people behind this list. I don't think I even know seventy real ones.

I just made a list of everyone I could call on the phone, everyone whose last name I knew, everyone who might respond positively to my presence, if I showed up. And after two hours, I have a grand total of 62 names. Sixty-two people. The list includes my teachers. It includes my family. My childhood pets. It includes my ex-girlfriends, and all those kids from high school who're probably dead or working at Wal-Mart tonight. To be completely honest, it includes one stuffed animal.

I wish I were joking.

With a grin, I've just meticulously highlighted the pets. The ink was thick, liquid, and glowing green. The pets. They're the ones I feel most positive about. I know I'll always be eager to speak with them. The rest, those real people, they tend to frustrate me. We shy people, as a rule, are actually debilitatingly angry about something; and that something is probably you.

I've just made my word processor insert attractive bullets, all shaped like cartoon explosives,

complete with a burning fuse, a perfect little five point star of fire. Now I have a bulleted list, two columns, all on one page, glowing in the dark, composed entirely of names that mean nothing to everyone except to me, to whom it means pretty much everything. If I took that list, and I pasted it to my door, it'd be just as good as hanging my name there. Jason Wilder Konschak is the only common defining link. It is a better summation of my life than anything I could ever write in ten thousand pages.

And yet, it's probably the most meaningless combination of nonsense words you could hope to find. Four Marks. Three Mikes. If you looked them up, the best you'd find would be, "church leader," or "estate ruler," or "god is my judge." You might catch a few interesting twists. My first crush's initials were SK. The lead character in my TV show is Saffie Kirzskovsky. My initials are JWK. Jack Kerouac's initials would be JWK, if his middle name were Walter. I'm A Writer (AW), and I always write about a woman called Amelia Waverly (AW). Indeed, if I were to make a list of the names I've created for characters, there would now

here glow well over three hundred little bombs in a row.

Can you imagine, when I meet a lady for the first time, if I find her attractive, I'm rapt with indecision until I hear her name? How's that for writing your own life? I'm so convinced that I know what kind of names work well, I can read the future from that alone! Jennifer? I'm afraid nothing can come of this. My sister's name is Jennifer. Astrid you say? Well - there's a name I've

rarely met. I suppose you've found as many personalized toothbrushes as I have. Your name is Gypsy? It's a nickname you made up for Gertrude? I think this is the beginning of something beautiful...

The mind boggles.

Sighing and rubbing my face, I've just closed my list and I didn't save it first. I smoked and smashed out a cigarette, and I tried to put it out of my mind. But it has encamped itself there. I can't comprehend how I had less than 70 people; less than 70 people to whom I could complain: "I have less than 70 people!" I can't reconcile that the 11 highlighted lines, the people I consider truly close, are all in bed with their lovers right now, and I've been looking at a list, imagining someone named Gypsy, and swinging closer and closer to a bottle of whiskey!

But, still - I'm wondering something of value. How long would that list have to be, for me, for you, for anyone - how long would it have to be, for one to never feel lonely? One hundred names? Two hundred names? Seven hundred names? How many more would I need, before I'd always be sure there'd be someone to talk to? And then, the answer dawned on me, and I started writing. And now, I've finished typing my *Omen* article. And now, you've nearly finished reading it.

Kurt Vonnegut is staying nearby tonight. I've long wondered what I would say to him, if ever I got the chance to meet him. And I just thought of the perfect thing. "I want you to know, those squiggles you make on paper - when I read them - they make me feel less lonely too."



## Life, The Universe, and Everything

## SEMI-SWEET CHOCOLATE IS THE BEST

Welcome Hampshire students, one and all, back to the land of no sheep. I will be sending my witty and incredibly inspiring articles to you this semester from the land of many cows, otherwise known as Pennsylvania. This is caused by an unhappy accident that somehow made it so that next to my name, in the Hampshire account records, is printed the words "No Financial Aid".

I discovered this unfortunate circumstance on registration day, after I had already lived in my room for several days and was growing quite used to the idea of hanging around for another year of postmodern bullshit. Hell, I was even kind of liking the idea. But it was not to be. In the space of that five minute talk I was officially fucked up the ass by the Hampshire Financial Aid Department.

This, of course, could very well throw me into the realm of "righteously bitter Hampshire student". There are a lot of them. Most of them write for the *Omen*.

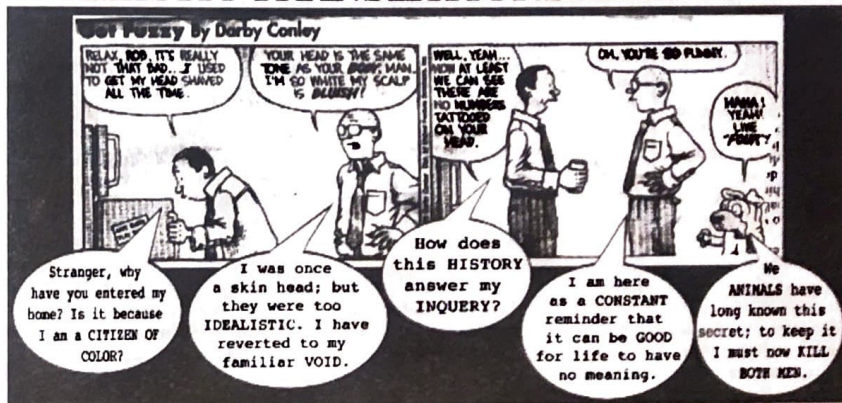
I did spend a night drinking and smoking and staring at the wall, throwing out bitter, sarcastic laughs every once in a while for kicks. But I've realized that the one thing I hate about Hampshire is all of the bitter people that seem to migrate there. It's like, at Hampshire being an optimist is not cool. Blatant romanticism is seen as cliché. The thought that life could be worth living...well that's damned unheard of! To be an artist...to be a true Hampshire student, I should be jaded, cynical, hardened by the system's repeated attempts to ruin my life.

But I came to Hampshire because I like being different, and, frankly, the thought of becoming just another sarcastic *Omen* writer

sickens me. So I give you this, my message of hope. I, Jymm, am determined to come out of Hampshire loving it as much as when I came in. SAGA food and all, I will sing the praises of this school and try to recruit new students. My admissions tours will always be positive, and my school spirit will overflow, causing the people around me to realize how damned lucky we are to be in a place like Hampshire, and not at just another diploma factory. And I challenge you to do the same. It will be hard, yes. The food will suck, the will cut your aid, add unheard of charges to your student account, and lose your evaluations. But you will persevere. Just think about it this way: at least you're not stuck working in a 7-11 for the semester, ringing up slushies and living with your momma. Count your blessings honey. Go Hampshire.



## NIHILISTIC TRANSLATIONS by Wilder Konschak





# REGULATIONS FOR DORMITORY LIVING

By Kris Cabezas

1) The showers are NOT tree peep shows. The actual costs for seeing one of your hall mates in as little clothing as possible and dripping wet are \$29.95 if with a towel, \$39.95 if in boxers/underwear, \$49.95 if wet and boxers/underwear, and to see the very sexy Steve Gifford of F2 naked and wet it will cost you a spot in a Film/Video workshop ... going for a price of \$200 on the black market.

2) If a door just happens to be open, that DOES NOT mean that the person within is inviting you in. Chances are, their rooms are just stuffy as all hell and they need air. So before you go in and make yourself comfortable, you better fucking ask!

3) Remember, there are other people living within your hall. So, if you decide to play music of any type, make sure it's a universally somewhat enjoyable tune. That does not include too much of any teeny bopper shit, country western that almost always involves some sort of line dancing, music by guys that have been dead for hundreds of years, or too much gangster rap because lets face it, we aren't in any type of ghetto no matter how much you may want to be.

4) I don't know about any of you, but I do not enjoy seeing dinners once they have been through the digestive system, so ... FLUSH PEOPLE, FLUSH!

WOULD IT HURT TO HAVE A LITTLE MIDGET SAYING, "GOOD MORNING, WOULD YOU LIKE TO DRY YOUR FACE? HERE'S A TOWEL,"

5) Sinks are our friends; therefore, we should learn to love and respect our sinks. That means, do not have any competitions that involve emptying your whole tube of toothpaste into that sink because

not only does that dirty up the high quality linoleum, but it wastes a very useful hygiene product. (Unless you recycle your toothpaste, in that case.. YOU ARE A SICK FUCK FOR EVEN THINKING OF TOUCHING THAT SINK!!! DO YOU KNOW WHERE IT'S BEEN?)

6) And how many times have you staggered groggily into the bathroom to wash your face in the morning and forgot your towel? I mean, for shit sakes, would it hurt to supply some fucking towels? Yeah I know I know, people would just steal them if they were in a big pile ... but that's why we should just get a little midget in there or something. What the fuck would it hurt to have a little midget saying, "Good morning, would you like to dry your face? Here's a towel," and then takes it back? Well I'm going to get this passed, so starting next week, look out for little midgets under the sinks supplying towels, and please ... do not be mean to the midgets ... be nice ... and they will not bite your knee caps off. Thank you - (Steve Gifford's rule # 6)

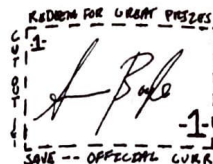
7) Nakedness is a VERY good thing. It is how we were meant to live by the almighty himself, so if you happen to catch a glimpse of one of your hall mates' no-no areas, DO NOT run down the hall screaming like a school girl. Well, unless it's really hairy, cause too much hair is just plain gross.

8) Please leave the complimentary condoms and dental dams for those that really need them. Sure, it's always fun to blow up the oc-

casional condom like a balloon, but trust me-when you are in desperate need of it and the only ones you can find are blown up and hanging from the ceiling, you won't think it's funny anymore, and neither will the chick/guy that's waiting naked in your bed.

9) It's called FUCKING COMMUNITY SHARING people! You see that food sitting in that crate in the corner? Do you know how many starving college students that could feed? Some of us aren't lucky enough to have parents that still acknowledge our existence once we are away, so share the wealth. You could make a friend!

10) MAKE FRIENDS WITH YOUR HALL MATES! That's right, this actually means coming out of your room every so often to talk to people (don't worry, they usually only bite when requested). Making friends can prove to be very beneficial. You never know when those trusty keys could slip out of your pocket and you could get locked out, and wouldn't it be nice to have a pillow for that hard carpet in the hall? Or perhaps, the midget thing doesn't work out and you forget you towel in your room. To save you the embarrassment of running as fast as you can naked, you could have a friend get it for you. And what would dorm life be without banging on your neighbor's door telling them to "shut the fuck up" so you can study or talk to your oh so over-protective mom on the phone? Plus, when your friends with your hall mates and you happen to catch a glimpse of that lovely no-no area, they may even turn around so you could get a better look, and isn't THAT college?



FIIM CRITIC  
FOR HIRE

CA-LI-FORN-IA

By Shaun Boyle

I can't fucking believe it. I was all excited because I had just purchased a previously viewed copy of Tod Holland's opus, *The Wizard*, only to find that it wasn't rewind. That's equivalent to going to the Louvre and taking a shit on the Mona Lisa.

A little background on *The Wizard*... "Fred Savage stars in this warm-hearted family adventure that features the excitement and thrills of video game competition" - as quoted from the back of the video box.

Fred Savage (yes his character has a name in the movie, but he'll always be Fred Savage) decides to kidnap his autistic brother from a mental hospital and flee to California. On the way he discovers that his little brother is the best Nintendo player ever to walk the face of the earth. Fred decides to solve all his brother's problems by entering him in the International Nintendo Tour-

name. Hot on their tail is dad Beau Bridges (far better looking than his brother Jeff) and Christian Slater (about to become a superstar because of the film *Kuffs*). Along the

Here is a condensed version of *The Wizard* so you can re-enact it with your friends...

Lil' Bro: Ca-li-forn-ia

Fred Savage: You just beat *Double Dragon*! Some Kid: I love the Power Glove. It's so bad.

Lil' Bro and Fred Savage: WOW! Stuff happens.

Fred Savage and Resourceful Girl: Super Mario Bros. 3 rocks!

Some more stuff happens.

Fred Savage: You won, Lil' Bro!

Lil' Bro: I...love...you...Fred...Sav...age...

way Fred and his brother run into Haley, a resourceful girl who doesn't like to kiss boys. Anyway they get to California and some more stuff happens...I mean it's really not im-

portant in the long run. Just think of it as *Rain Man* with thirteen year olds. A major criticism of *Rain Man* when it was released was the lack of extreme 8-bit Nintendo action.

*The Wizard* not only has extreme Nintendo action but it introduces the Power Glove, the Power Glove being the greatest invention the 20<sup>th</sup> Century.

*The Wizard* was released in 1989 and is essentially a feature length commercial for *Super Mario Bros. 3* and the Power Glove.

After subsequent viewings, however, *The Wizard* brings to mind some of the great movies and important film movements of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. For example, French New Wave auteurs such as Goddard and Truffaut also shot their movies on 35mm film stock. Also, Todd Holland style brings to mind Fassbinder's use of color and sound and Altman's use of dialogue. Still not convinced?

## Citizen Kane and The Wizard: A Study in Comparisons

### TOD HOLLAND'S *THE WIZARD*

### ORSON WELLES' *CITIZEN KANE*

Script written on paper made from trees.

Script written on paper from trees.

Set in the hectic world of video game competition.

Set in the equally hectic world of yellow journalism.

Fred Savage is damn cute.

Orson Welles is damn cute.

Has opening and closing credits.

Has opening and closing credits.

Boy takes refuge in giant dinosaur.

Kane takes refuge in giant ego.

Initially hated by critics but eventually recognized as an American classic years later.

Recognized as an 'ok' film.

I'll admit my column really doesn't make sense this week, but I've had to stuff to do. I leave you with a quote from Christian Slater early in the film, which really is the essence of *The Wizard* and maybe life itself. "Come on, let's go to Dairy Queen and knock back a few." Yes, Christian, let's.





# ZAK

The Omen Maniac

## SUMMER ROUNDUP 0' DEATH

By Zak Kauffman

**T**his summer had few especially good or bad movies. Here's the definitive opinion on each of them.

**American Pimp:** The best pimp documentary since 'Pimps Up, Hoers Down'.

**Big Momma's House:** I didn't see this one, but I'm going to take a wild shot in the dark and say that it sucked harder than the cast of 'American Pimp'.

**Coming to America:** I saw this one on cable, but goddamn that's a funny movie.

**Ghost Dog:** So cool it made me want to masturbate right there in the theatre (don't you dare judge me!). Full of perfect minimalist action sequences that beat *MI: 2's* ass.

**Gladiator:** If this didn't make you want to stab someone in the face and kill a tiger, then it might be safe for you to watch *Fight Club*. Side note: Ridley Scott is my Jesus.

**Gone in 60 Seconds:** Fairly pointless and not much of it stuck in my mind, but I don't recall being bored while watching.

**Highlander:** *Endgame* Essentially a souped up episode of the television series, the fourth Highlander film sticks tightly to the series' formula and delivers an enjoyable but not spectacular fix for Highlander fans.

**Hollow Man:** Very fancy special effects but very shitty everything else (except, of course, for the Infrared Penises).

**Me, Myself & Irene:** Sucked harder than a whore putting a kid through Hampshire. Shit comic timing and lame attempts at being offensive, this would be totally worthless without Jim Carrey, who I'm now convinced would be funny reading a magazine.

**Mission: Impossible 2:** BORING! Could've been great but spent all of its time trying to be James Bond. I HATE YOU JOHN WOO!

**The Patriot:** "Every man dies, not every man really lives." Oh, wrong movie. *Braveheart* with guns in the best possible way, it's a good addition to the rampaging war genre with lots of fun violence (especially when the cannonball knocked off that guy's head. Heh heh). Also features one of the better villains in a long time.

**Perfect Storm:** One of the scariest movies I've ever seen.

**Road Trip:** Much funnier than it deserved to be. On a side note, GOD DAMN I had to pee while watching this movie. I was walking funny when it was over and I may have done permanent kidney damage (to my kidneys).

**Scary Movie:** Sucked purple monkey cock.

**Shanghai Noon:** Fluffy but fun chapter in the continuing adventures of Dignan.

**Shaft:** Formulaic as a mother fucker, but still made me leave the theatre trying to walk like Sam Jackson.

**Show Me Love:** A quiet foreign movie that manages to keep the pace up and boredom down, this is worth seeing for anyone who's ever had their head fucked up by love.

**Space Cowboys:** Fueled mainly by the tough old bastard charm of Clint & the boys, the main reason to see this geriatric *Armageddon* is because it's probably the last time we'll get to watch Clint Eastwood kick any ass.

**Titan A-E:** Sucked harder than a white boy in prison. Hollow, silly, and dumb, this gives big budget cartoons a bad name.

**What Lies Beneath:** Genuinely scary.

**Witchblade:** This summer's other comic book movie. It's just not possible to do justice to a comic book story on a television budget, although director Ralph Hemecker comes close by employing every film school trick known to man. As a cop movie 'Witchblade' works damn well (largely due to the casting of Yancy Butler), but as a superhero story it falls short.

**X-Men:** Set in the real world and not a fantasy land, *X-Men* is the first quality non-parody comic book movie. It had minor problems and mistakes, but any comic book fan that complains about them in the face of what was produced is a whiny little bitch.

**X-Men:** The movie so nice I reviewed it twice. This was an amazing interpretation of the comic and its characters, streamlining 40 years of bloated continuity into 90 beautiful minutes, each of which made me want to stand up and yell 'FUCK YEAH!'



### J'accuse!



### TOUCH MY LUMP!

By Gabriel "O.G." McKee

It's another year, Hampshire. Another year of bitching. So let's kick it off right.

1. You bastards have worn me down. No longer can I think up a new column name every two weeks. Happy Noodle Boy, ever the source of fine and fanciful phrases, is a river that has run dry. From now on my column will have but one title, and that is "J'Accuse." No more of this "Toast, dammit, toast" crap. Just "J'Accuse." Expect to be accused, because in some way or another it's your fault that I no longer feel like thinking up new and wonderful things for the Noodle God to scream. Bastards.
2. Why the hell don't movies have opening credits anymore? Just as I start to care, they decide to make me wait until the end to find out who did the freakin' music. A brief list of recent films without opening credits: *X-Men*, *Supernova*, the dumb Ethan Hawke *Hamlet*, *Rushmore*, and *Space Cowboys* (but we can forgive that, cause it's Eastwood, and he does shit like that for a reason). Credits

sequences should be brilliant works of art: witness the beginnings of *Ed Wood*, *House on Haunted Hill*, and *Vertigo*. But no. "Audiences don't care," they say. "It'll just bore them," they say. Even the God-Damned *Patriot* had an opening credit sequence. So why not the *X-men*? Bastards.

3. I'm still pissed about my Gamera poster. Bastards.

4. Last semester I wanted to write an article about Pachinko balls. Some of you may be familiar with a little Japanese game called "Pachinko." It's sort of like vertical pinball. The goal of this game is to somehow maneuver the balls to fall into a little hole at the bottom of the machine (I think), then gather them into a bucket and redeem them at the counter for prizes and candy. If I played Pachinko, though, I wouldn't do that. I'd keep the balls in a big bucket. I'd label this bucket "BALLS," and carry it with me everywhere. People would ask me, "hey, what's that?" and I'd say "It's my bucket of balls." Wow. That'd be great. But

no. We don't get Pachinko parlors in America. We get crappy token arcades—not quarters, not but tokens. And the games that do give you something to redeem for prizes and candy give you tickets. You can't keep ugly orange tickets in a big bucket labelled "BALLS"! And all the stuff you can trade them in for sucks. Non-Pachinko-playin' American bastards.

5. Yesterday I got hit on the head with a big piece of wood, and now I have a giant lump on my forehead. I'd be really upset about this, but I'm kind of excited because I don't think I've ever had a lump on my head, and definitely not on my forehead. But it's still sore. Bastards.



6. I'm sick and god-damned tired of people using the *Omen* as a place to complain about stupid shit. No one cares about you, much less what annoys you! So shut up, for crying out loud. Stop making me proofread your stupid lists of whining. Bastards

That's all for this week, Hampshire. You stupid bastards.



By Karl Moore

## IT WAS LATE AND I HAD A DEADLINE 2 : EVEN LATER

	JESSICA SIMPSON		O.J. SIMPSON
Age:	20		43
Nickname in high school:	Muffy		Wiley Pete
GATT:	supported		supported
Turn-ons:	accents, high cheekbones		curved asses, straight teeth
Turn offs:	phoniness, jealousy		dependency, hemophilia
Kinkiest fantasy:	upside down, whee		rimmin'
Favorite boat part:	jib		boom
NAFTA:	opposed		supported
Current occupation:	teenaged boy masturbation fantasy		greengrocer
Influences:	Derrida		Kant, Hegel
Favorite tank ammo	HEAT		sabot
Favorite dessert:	flan		tiramisu
Alma Mater:	Yeshiva		Dartmouth
Favorite federal agency:	DARPA		FEMA
Collects:	DeKooning, Pollock		Bosch, Millais



# Section ZOLE

## ANAL CUNT IS ALSO A BAND!

By Michael Zole

Well, a new academic year has begun at Hampshire College. By the time this is published we will all be well into the process of not getting as much accomplished this semester as we'd hoped. Things may seem a little different this year, especially because I'm not writing about video games anymore (though I reserve the right to reference them at inappropriate times). Nothing has really changed, though.

The doors to Merrill and Dakin are still locked 24-7, the library still has tons of books with names like "Gender And Race Through An Eco-Feminist Lens", and the Southern Fried Tofu still tastes like Styrofoam. This is okay, and I expect nothing less, but I have a caution for all of you. Bear with me.

There are 5 or 6 basic interests at Hampshire. These include, but are not limited to: illegal drugs, fighting racism, getting into a mod, using the word "paradigm" at every available opportunity, making pretentious films, and getting pissed off at advertising. Most people at Hampshire are into some or all of these things. In other words, Kid Rock would not fit in here.

But you would be foolish to infer from this that Hampshire students all get along. There is a certain type of student here who specifically does not belong

to Club Paradigm, and though they are a minority, they are a really bitter minority. What I'm saying is this: our campus is filled with opposition. In other words, Eminem would fit in here.

I bring this up because last year these tensions got pretty serious. I shan't attempt to explain it, as I have blocked most of the details from my memory, but I have a piece of advice designed to keep it from happening again. First years and returning students alike, listen up: Hampshire College is not what you think it is. While you were in the process of enrolling, you were making assumptions about Hampshire's political affiliation, student body, economic philosophy, and so on. We all made our own assumptions; they are all wrong.

For one thing, Hampshire has no political affiliation. The way some people talk around here, you'd think that the college itself attends gay rights rallies and is going to vote for Ralph Nader this year. This is ridiculous; a college can't have a political stance any more than it can participate in a drum circle. As it is, the political di-

YOU'D THINK THAT THE COLLEGE ITSELF ATTENDS GAY RIGHTS RALLIES AND IS GOING TO VOTE FOR RALPH NADER THIS YEAR.

versity here is limited, to put it nicely: You're either very liberal or the type of person who finds themselves saying "I consider myself liberal, but..." whenever politics come up.

We don't need to make mat-

ters worse by formally excommunicating Republicans. For another thing, Hampshire College is a business, not a commune. Have you noticed that tuition is rather high at this particular institution? That's because Hampshire lacks what we call "money", which represents credit and can be exchanged for goods and services. As Gabriel McKee pointed out in the *Omen* last year, the administration's job is to keep the college open (i.e. by bringing in money). Therefore, complaining that the Board of Trustees has too many rich people is kind of a stupid thing to do.

I am now going to inappropriately reference a video game. Wasn't "Strider" a really neat game? I could never beat it, though.

I guess what I'm saying is that we all need to chill the fuck out. We are a campus of largely very intelligent people, and it just doesn't seem right for 90% of the student body to lock horns with the other 10% just because they don't think the same way. We definitely shouldn't congregate in homogenous groups to avoid talking with anyone we disagree with, as a certain vocal someone suggested last year. In summary:

- Σ Diversity of thought is every bit as important as diversity of race
- Σ Words like "diversity" are annoying
- Σ I'm really tired and this article is due in ten minutes.



## LIVING IN OBLIVIGWYNNE

By Gwynne Watkins

And it's just like the ocean, under the moon  
It's the same as the emotion that I get from you -

(Oh, like it's never gotten stuck in your head.)

You've got the kind of lovin' that can be so smooth

Give me your heart, make it real or else fuggedaboutit...

Actually, when I first heard that easy-to-swallow spring break ballad, I thought it went like this:

And it's just like the ocean, under the moon

It's the stainless steel motion that I get from you -

The awkwardness of my fictional line made me like the song initially. It made sense: 'stainless steel motion' would indeed be

smooth. And rust-free. But what did that make the song? Santana's ode to an assembly line? Love Song to a Cuisinart?

Like anything else that occurs between May and August, a summer radio ballad is what you make of it. If you're lucky, you'll uncover its amusing awkwardness. And hopefully, you'll appreciate it before it's vanquished from the airwaves and stuck on the discount rack.

The moral of this story - which lacks a plot, but does have a moral - is that summer is what you make of it. I started out this summer working three jobs and actually losing money. Eventually I broke even. Now I have a small profit to fall back on, should I be inspired to buy my new basil plant a friend.

I'll soon unfold my summer exploits in detail. Meantime, for those of you who actually had a "real job," I'll share some of the collective wisdom attained from an editorial internship, an off-Broadway production job, and a gig

as a children's playwright:

- It is definitely possible to get sick of beautiful people.
- 80's music now officially qualifies as "oldies."
- There is no more valuable business skill than the ability to talk people into things.
- If you're behind on your pop culture, ask an eighth grade girl.
- If you're a less-than-godly man, you have a better chance of picking up a straight female New Yorker than a gay male one.
- Working at a sex magazine does not make you sick of thinking about sex. It is impossible to get sick of thinking about sex.
- If you're going to a party, it's a good idea to bring a camera, just in case one of the Backstreet Boys shows up. (see evidence in Prescott Tavern)
- Those are your pearls of wisdom for the week. If Madonna calls, tell her I'm not home.



## NIHILISTIC TRANSLATIONS by Wilder Konschak

### Over The Hedge By Fry Lewis



YAY!



# IT'S LIKE THE CIRCLE OF LIFE, MORON

By Jeffrey Paternostro

I'm a big believer in the great cosmic balance. Everything is equally balanced by its opposite. To explain, for every bit of chili, there's an equal amount of alka seltzer. For every *Masterpiece Theater*, there's an *Albuquerque Does Anal Annie*. So, just like the Holy Trinity, there is an unholy trinity. It wouldn't be fair for God to have all the good publicity and three forms. For the sake of balance, Satan needs three forms too. Well, I'll give the devil his due: he picked some damn crafty forms, three bastions of utter evil.

It's eeeeeevil I tell you, eeevil. For starters, there is Hot Topic.

Now, plenty of people will tell you that Hot Topic is Satan, but for all the wrong reasons. Hot Topic wanted to charge me thirty nine bucks for a Megatron shirt. Holy shit! And this is the place that makes fun of Abercrombie and Fitch. They must be in cahoots, one rips off the Goths while the other rips off the preppies, thirty-nine fucking dollars for one shirt. I'm a college student, and even though I go to the great middle class white utopian experimental society, known as Hampshire College (On a side note, the only difference that I have noticed between my average high school and Hampshire, is that I'm pavo-

cost about twenty dollars. Yeah, way to make fun of a place that jacks up its prices in attempt to increase their profit margins while selling an "image." If I'm going too fast for you, Hot Topic is doing the same thing Abercrombie and every other apparel store does, it just markets to a demographic well-represented at Hampshire, and that does not make it somehow superior. For the record, I didn't buy the shirt. Megatron still rules though.

The Minion of Satan watch continues with Dick Cheney, the Republican vice presidential candidate for you apolitical types, or for the sheep who are just going to vote for Nader this year, and not actually pay attention to actual political reality. Cheney has quite an interesting (read: Satanic) Congressional voting record. Cheney made a career out of his impeccable voting record, like voting in favor of keeping Nelson Mandela in jail. Now some (namely a certain Syndicated Washington columnist who likes baseball and is most certainly a minor demon himself) would claim that he was simply voting against economic sanctions that would only hurt the economically disadvantaged blacks of South Africa. Well asshole, maybe if you get Mandela out of jail they won't be as disadvantaged. But you know what they say, the devil's

I'LL STILL HAVE LOTS OF SEX, AND ALL IN THE CONTEXT OF MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIPS.

in the details. Anyway, Cheney continues to do his "God's" work by keeping assault weapons on the street, fetuses in their wombs, and money in the hands of the rich. As for

Bush, he's a really stupid version of Dr. Faust. The lesson here is thus: If you vote Republican, you're going to hell.

The third form, as if you couldn't guess, the great international conspiracy of Hollywood

filmmakers and stupid football players. To explain the exact reason why, I'll excerpt from my book *Non-Conformists at Large*, published by no one.

"Essentially, all the idiots in the world, especially the male ones, always end up getting the girl. This of course does not include Hollywood cinema, whose sole purpose is to purport the possibility of hope for guys like me and keep our delusions going for the sole purpose of giving all the idiots a good laugh. Hollywood cinema is essentially the secret handshake of this football player cartel. They probably have a strong lobbying group too. Anyway, since the deck is so unfairly stacked against me, I'm going to protest the system by refusing to reproduce. Why should my genes be passed onto some poor girl who's just going to wind up marrying a former high school football player in Hoboken anyway. My genes should stay right where they are for their own good. So I'm bucking the system."

Of course, I'll still have lots of sex, and all in the context of meaningful relationships.

Football players complete the unholy trinity, joining corporate hypocrisy and unmitigated evilness with their own brand of pseudo-rebellion. Nothing like middle class Caucasian football players all raiding their parents' liquor cabinet or buying underage in attempt to liquor up girls and have sex to the music of Dr. Dre. As for Hollywood, well, they helped make the movies *Hollow Man*, *Bats*, *Battlefield Earth*, and *Wild, Wild West* part of American Cinema History, there is no other explanation except an incarnation of Beezeleub.

So I warn you, *Omen* reader, the serpent is the most subtle creature in the garden. He just happens to sell Uncle Cracker T-shirts too.

Until next time, I like girls that wear Abercrombie and Fitch.



# MUSIC FOR COMATOSE PEOPLE

By Christine Fernsebner Esiao

My summer sucked for a wide variety of reasons, but the only one relevant to this column is my failure to hear new music the whole time. I had no money and no driver's license and no decent record shops within any reasonable distance. I would've done my shopping online but The Man, in the guise of Fleet Bank, was determined to keep me down: my BankBoston debit card was transubstantiated into a Fleet Check Card, which turned out to be utterly useless. While visiting Fleet branches to sort out the ruins of my bank account, I learned that every Women At The Desk to whom I was referred at each location uniformly had short fluffed-up hair and wore big bright gauzy scarves and seemed to have applied two-inch-thick makeup and harbored a seething hatred for timid girls in Salvation Army dresses (or maybe just me).

WOMAN-AT-THE-DESK: What are you here about?

CHRISTINE: My account was transferred from BankBoston and now I don't seem to have a valid debit card...

WOMAN-AT-THE-DESK [glances at well-dressed couple on the couch who were in "line" ahead of me]: Well, you can wait until I'm done, or you can call our 800 number.

CHRISTINE: How long do you think it'll be? I had hoped to talk to someone here...

WOMAN-AT-THE-DESK: I can dial the number for you.

Yes, I go into a bank to discuss their mangling of my account with a real person, and THE CONDESCENDING BITCH TRIES TO MAKE ME CALL AN 800 NUMBER. So that's the story of why Christine hates banks and doesn't have a card with which to spend her hard-earned money at Othermusic.com.

Fortunately, LD Beghtol, best known as one of the Magnetic Fields' 69 *Love Songs* singers, was kind enough to send me a promotional copy of the first CD by his band Flare. I promised him a glowing review in "Hampshire College's most widely read student publication." And it so happens that I won't have to perjure myself to write that *Circa*, his 6-song / 22-minute CD on Subliminal Violence Records, is quite a treat. For people like me, at least. By "people like me" I mean people who like sad folk songs slowed down and stretched out and filtered

THIS IS THE GUY



through a sieve of pure unadulterated artiness. Don't expect the catchiness or the nearly unbearable wittiness of a good Stephin Merritt song. Do expect vocals as expressive and delicate as LD's contributions to 69 *Love Songs* (perhaps even surpassing them) and music that's atmospheric and languid enough for any Projekt band.

Those are just my first impressions, though I might be horribly tragically wrong. I didn't get to listen to *Circa* a lot because it arrived during orientation week, when I was busy leading around the best posse of first-years that Hampshire has ever had the pleasure of enrolling. One of them told me he'd seen real yurts in Mongolia. Apparently our Hampshire Yurt looks nothing like a real yurt, which is best described as "a Mongolian sex bungalow."

Next week I will review another Magnetic-Fields-related album, *Hyacinths & Thistles* by the 6ths, and whatever else Newbury comics might give one in exchange for old Philip Glass CDs.



## RANDOM ADVICE

good possibility that it didn't all go in the glass. And let's not forget about items that may slide off the countertop and fall right into the bowl. I don't know about you guys but I hate when there's pulp in my orange juice...this is no different. Women, however, have the advantage of centering all of their weight around one solid area, and it gives them more margin for error...if the trailer shifts, they shift with it, not against it like those standing up.

**Cheerios or Honey Nut Cheerios-** This is a hard decision to tackle. What does one choose to eat in the morning...a O or Honey Nuts? When trying to decide this just keep in mind...there's always lunch. If you are not completely satisfied by morning nuts or morning O's, there's always lunch. Whatever you don't get for breakfast will certainly be ready for you come lunch time. So just be patient, let your body do its thing until then, and get ready for seconds. Personally, I'm a Raisin Bran

## continuations

Crunch kind of guy, and don't prefer either in the morning. Then again, morning for me is around noon...so does my vote even count...? These are the questions that make me ask an even bigger question...am I really God? Or do I just think so...and if I'm the only one who thinks so...does it matter if others do not? ...yeah...definitely Cheerios...but only if strawberries are available.

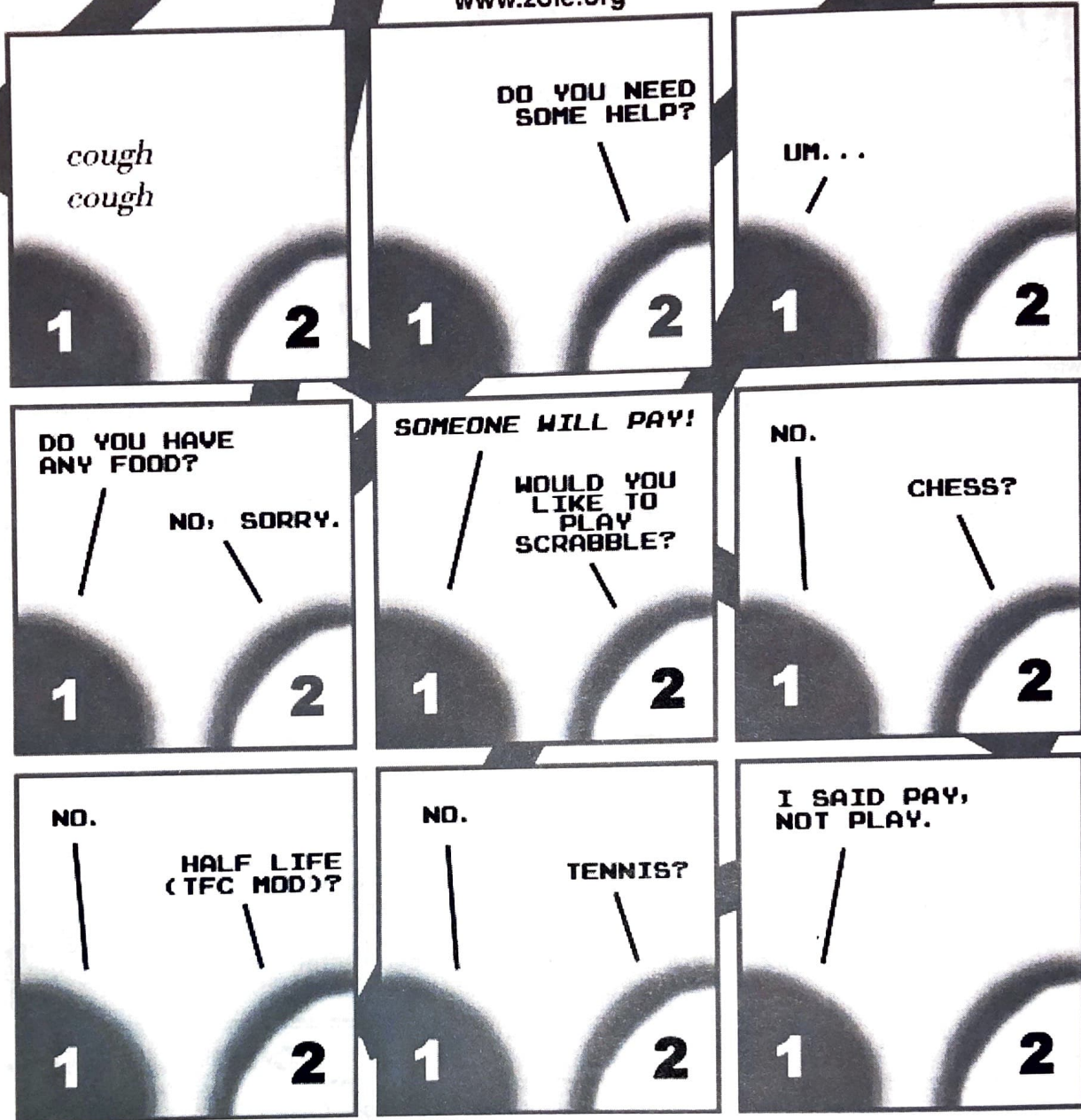
**Getting Women-** Join the *Omen*...





# DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST IV

by M. Zole ♣  
www.zole.org



## continuations

## PROFITABLE NARCISSISM

find an unitemized charge on your monthly bill that you later find out was added when you fell from the H3 balcony and needed a crazy amount of gauze? Gauze! Surely we can spot for bandaging! This "coverage" also does not "cover" emergency blood-work to check the state of your liver after such a fall from said balcony. Just so you're aware.

So why bother? Why on earth should you remain at an institution, any institution for that matter, that sucks the last droplets of your funds for things that you will never remember having purchased, let alone have anything to show for it? (Except for that really killer scar.)

Freedom. At this point in life, we're at a place where we can drop ten bucks on a black & white Reservoir Dogs

poster and simply charge it on the student I.D. - "Books, Dad. The books this year were wicked pricey." This is higher learning! We need to be surrounded by crap that can be purchased on a whim and thrown out at the end of any given semester without remorse! And that feeling of utter, guilt free spending? Priceless.

